



THE  
FORWARD

JULY  
1930



# THE FORWARD

EDITED IN THE INTERESTS  
of the  
STUDENTS OF ST. JOSEPH COLLEGE



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JULY, 1930.

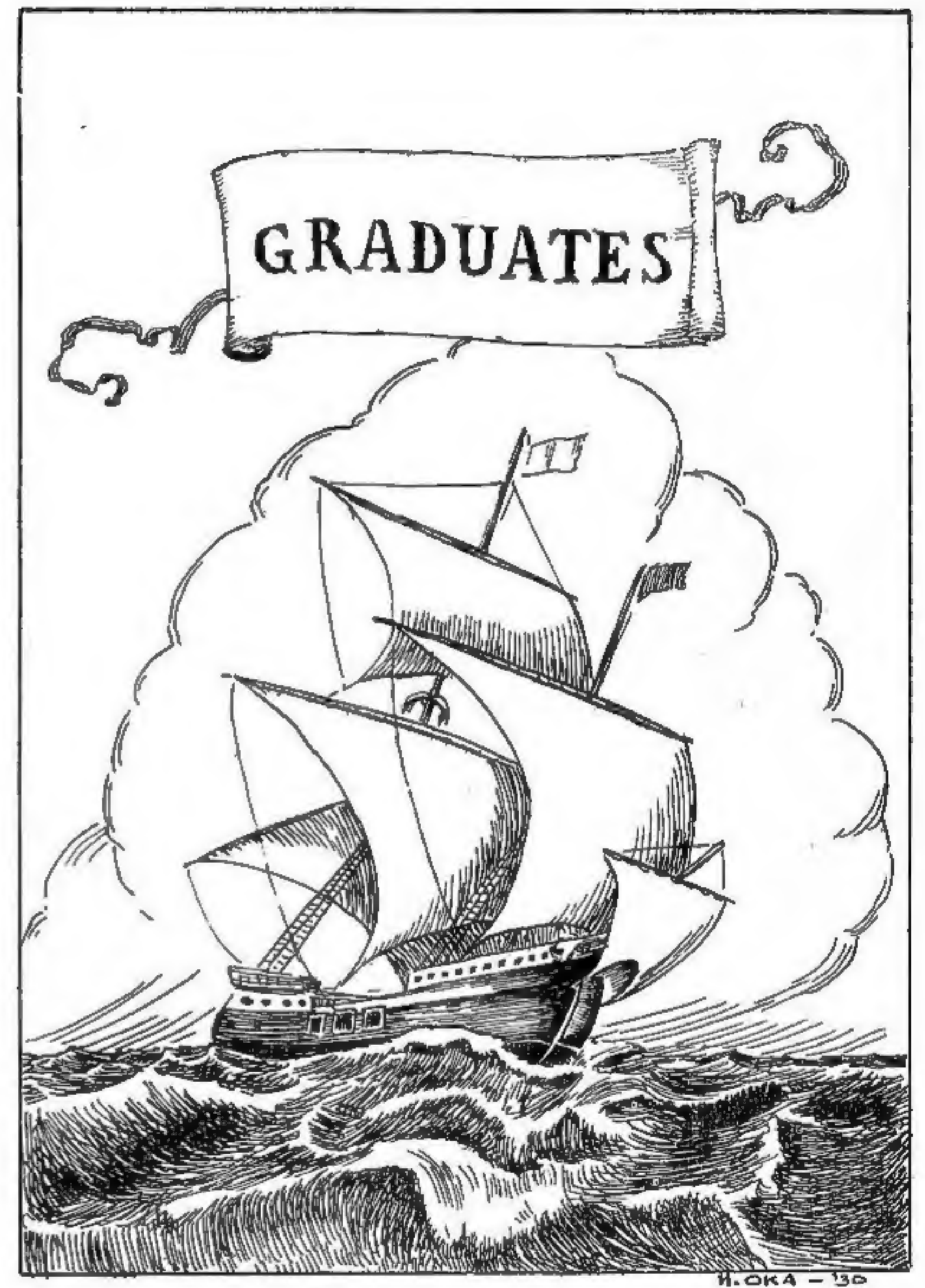
85 Bluff, Yokohama, Japan.



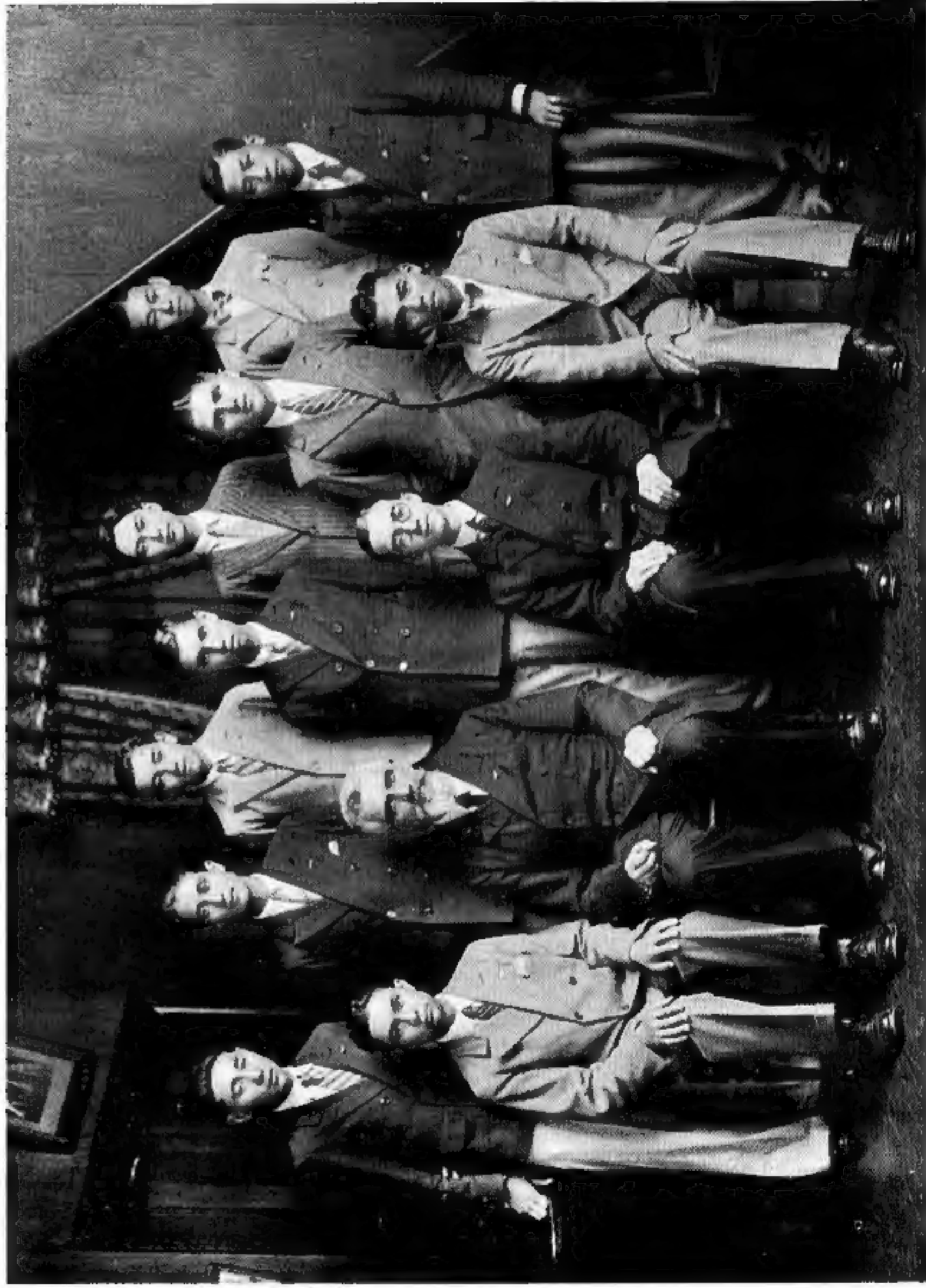
Dedication  
To  
Honorable Chuichi Ariyoshi,  
Mayor of Yokohama,  
this Forward  
is respectfully dedicated.







H. OKA - '30



Henry Salter. Charles Alt. Thaddeus d'Aquino.  
 George Kikuchi. George Mayers. Hiroshi Cka. Michal Ganin. Joseph Tsuji.  
 George Otani. Mr. Gaschy. Mr. Soden. Michal Ohno.





Joseph M. Tsuji  
"SUSHI"

"Sushi," as he is more commonly known, is the kindest companion anyone might wish. He is a jovial chap; but like us all he occasionally falls into sullen moods, from which he soon recovers and is once again our cheery "Sushi." He is sometimes even a little eccentric, as all artists are, because his ambition is to become an artist; we don't blame him for that.

In regard to studies, he is more inclined towards Latin and scientific subjects. He takes keen pleasure in obstinately clinging to his statements, which proclivity inevitably results in long, heated arguments.

He dabbles in nearly all sports but his favorite, and the one in which he excels, seems to be basketball. He showed us his business abilities when he became business manager of the Forward and excellently performed his duties.

We have stated before his aim in life is to become an artist. Why? we cannot say. But if he sticks to it with his bull-dog tenacity, you may be sure he will succeed.



Michael Simon Gamin  
"MISH"

A sunny day, indeed, it was when "Mish" first saw the light of this world, for his ever-smiling countenance indicates this fact.

Mathematics is his favorite study. From his earlier days, he has always had a special liking for mathematical intricacies; this fact shows that he is one of the few.

He shines in almost all the sports; though he devotes most of his time to soccer. He was the skipper of this year's team, which won the Kanagawa-ken Intercollegiate Championship.

"Mish" is fond of motorcycling, and when he gets on a cycle you see nothing but a cloud of dust. We all think him a clever rider, but the pedestrians think otherwise.

If disturbed whilst working, "Mish" shouts "Get out!" in his husky voice; and very often the person thus addressed actually flies out of the room. Perhaps the person respects "Mish" or perhaps he decides that to remain would be unhealthy.

In short, Mike is a kind and jovial young gentleman. His ambition is to make a great man out of himself. All success to him!



Hiroshi Oka

"O. K."

O.K.'s favorite "sport,"—as he terms it—is fishing. Many long hours does he sit on the beach and wait for the float to move. He has been fooled several times, for he thought he had caught a whale; and out came a sardine. But he is never discouraged. He says to his companion: "That's O.K. Wait an hour or two, then we may get a shark." He has tried baseball, but he has found the ball too hard for his head.

Although in the line of sports he is only a fisherman, his favorite branches in school are mathematics and literature. When a task in trig or geometry is so hard that nobody has the full mark, O.K. comes with a ten marked in his task book.

O.K.'s hobbies are drawing and reading Izaak Walton. He reads the latter's "Compleat Angler" with great relish.

His ambition is to find a substitute for the dead language, Latin. The whole class has good reasons for being anxious about this new discovery.

On the "Forward" Staff, he is the cartoonist. He ranks among the best which S.J.C. ever possessed.

You'll often hear him saying: "That's O.K."



George Tashia Otani

"PAPA"

"Jiji" is the most experienced man in our class. For a long time, he has liked to play tennis, and he has become quite skillful at handling the racket.

"G.T.O." has always been a favorite among the smaller boys. They have given him the sobriquet of "Papa," because of his age and because of his kind treatment of them.

He likes to fool around with tubes and condensers and retorts, to the effect that many of them have been reduced to fragments. It may be added that due to his persistent interest in mechanical drawing, he has developed real ability in that line.

"Papa's" hobby takes the form of photography. Having a good camera and better skill, he snaps excellent photos.

The "Forward" is losing a clever business manager. His skill in this field is pronounced; and he has been highly successful.

He proposes to spend his future years in the business world. We see a great success for him.





Thaddeus Joseph d'Aquino

"DUCK"

T. J. A. is quite a mathematician and when the trigonometry hours come round, he employs his tables and formulas with lightning speed.

Thadd is a keen sport enthusiast and he is the support of the Senior Baseball Eleven. Whenever he is around we always see to it that there is a generous supply of balls.

"Duck" is a kind and jovial companion. A grin and a slap on the chest is a sure sign that he feels happy. If anyone should tease him, he shouts "As if!" and walks off laughing contentedly. Thaddeus is also a poet and he fills the honorable position of Poetry Editor.

During his leisure hours, "Duck" enjoys reading scientific magazines and exciting detective stories of which he knows everything. T.J.A.'s chief ambition is to find the fourth dimension.



George Minoru Kikuchi

"SONNY"

George Minoru Kikuchi—a bright handsome youth, with the much disliked sobriquet of "Sonny,"—is an athlete of no mean ability. He has adorned the ranks of the school soccer team, senior basketball and baseball teams and he takes to swimming as a duck takes to water.

Besides being fleet of body he excels in speed of mind. His biting sarcasm and curt replies provide variety to the usual routine of school life. Of his scholastic abilities, his aptitude for classical literature, fostered by his habitual and voluminous reading, stands to the fore.

These varied accomplishments have materially assisted him in his office of Sport Editor, which he has filled with outstanding success. His ambition is to attain the impossible. We wish him the best of luck, but hope that his favourite expression of "Too troublesome!" will not be detrimental to his hopes of attainment.





Michael Yoshito Ohno  
"DON JUAN"

Our friend, Michael Ohno, is one of our most popular classmates, a fact which may be seen by the litany of nicknames he possesses, "Don Juan" being the most prominent. He is an active member of the Senior Baseball Team and conjures up all the Roman gods whenever he misses a ball. Very often might you find him seated at his desk with a vacant stare and you might be sure that he was communing with the Muses. Euterpe is his special acquaintance; and she inspires him with tender sentiments which he expresses on his harmonica.

Can you guess what his ambition is? Why, to save mankind from physical miseries by becoming a doctor! We think him most fit for this noble profession. He has a quality that assures us of his success. The sign is no other than his love for Latin, enough to upset any anti-Latinist student.

We, his classmates, sincerely hope that he will gain a world-wide name and practice.



Karl Fedor Alt  
"COLT"

"A nickname is the hardest stone that the devil can throw at a man" goes a wise saying; so it happens to our "Charlie." "Colt" as he is called among our honored circle, is of a sentimental personality. Naturally his hobby for the ethereal world of reading may be expected. But this fact does not hinder him from being a real sport. His popularity among the lower classes, not excluding the celebrated department of Mr. Higli, makes us—his privileged classmates—smile, to say the least.

Charlie is a regular authority in Classics, as he is an incontestable pedestrian of S.J.C. Yet his ambition lies not only in the literary field. Ask him. He will answer with his favorite expression, "Oh, hang it! To enter heaven, of course." We are lucky, for "hanging" is out of fashion nowadays. Alt has diligently climbed the steep path of learning, with series of brilliant successes, which have won him a good reputation and our respect. With these qualities to serve him, success will greet his aim. Shoot straight, Colt! Your luck, "Charlie!"



Henry Salter  
"POSER"

On gloomy mornings (usually Mondays) when everything seems to be dull and dreary, a cheerful smiling face appears at the doorway. "Hullo, fellows!" draws out a good-humored laughing voice. It is our "Sampa." His good-natured banter soon restores to us our usual cheerfulness.

He is known and addressed by his classmates as "Sampa" or the "Poser." "Sampa" is an adept in baseball and his batting is the terror of the other classes. He seems to have an unusual knack for geometry; and the speed with which he writes out his Q.E.D's is incredible.

His favorite recreation is reading; and his "Forward" works give testimony that his readings bear excellent fruit. The "Poser" has a poser-like ambition—to have a silk stove-pipe upon his venerable head and a gold cane in his kid-gloved hand. Thus has he set his aim for wealth and success and—but let us stop for he threatens with his "Samparian" expression, "Quit it, you!" We have no need to wish him luck. His smiling self will attract luck as he has attracted us these ten long years.



George G. Mayers

### In Memoriam

Just on the point of going to press we received the sad news that one of the most popular and most gifted members of the Senior Class had been taken to his Maker.

Throughout all his 10 years at S. J. C., George had distinguished himself by his ardent school spirit. He was an athlete of no mean ability, participating in all the sports. His theatrical abilities were demonstrated by his membership in the school dramatic club. On the Forward Staff, he distinguished himself as Chronicle Editor; and his superiority as an English student may be well proved by the number of articles he had contributed to this Forward.

We foresaw a bright future in the business world for our smiling "George," but Providence deigned otherwise. We know, however, that his future will be brighter in the Home of Eternal Light than it could have been upon this dark miserable earth of ours! Our sincerest sympathy to his mother and family!

*Requiescat in pace!*



## S. I. C. Graduates, Go!

Ten years have rolled,  
We've made a name;

We part this day  
Go strike for fame.

Our childhood days  
Are gone and past.

"Let's go! my friends,  
The dye is cast!"

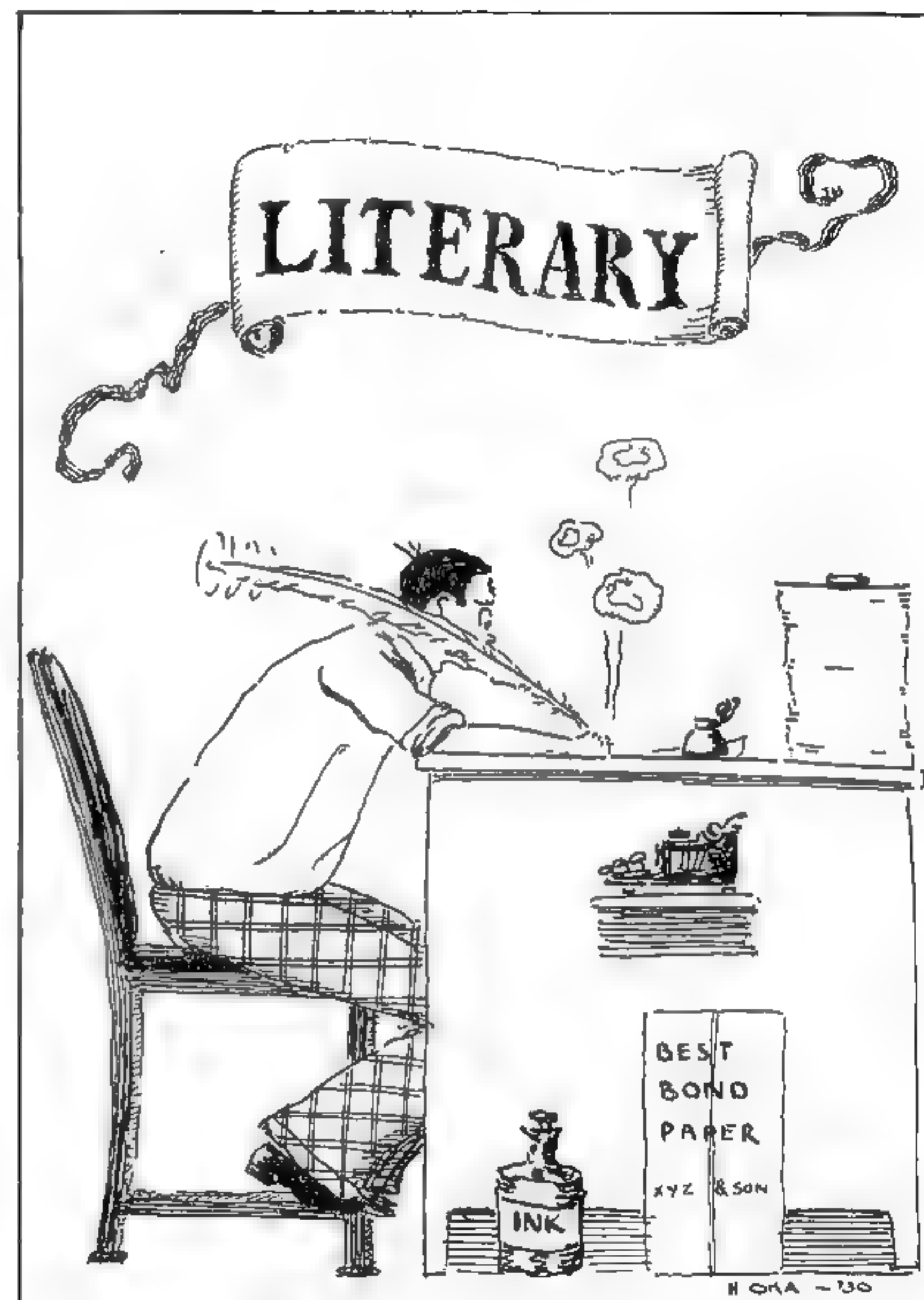
Those happy bells  
Sweet tidings bring,

And crowned success  
They joyous ring.

We shed no tear,  
We breathe no sigh,

For armed we are,  
To win or die!

George G. Myers, '30



## A Fish Story

Hiroshi Oka '30

THE fishing season had come. Armed with my rod, line, hooks and other accessories, I ventured forthwith thru the woods to a stream which, according to rumor, teemed with trout. Having arrived at its bank, I scanned the rocky bed for signs of submarine life. Seeing nothing to attract my attention, and a little nettled with disappointment, I proceeded southward when lo! a swarm of fish gamboling in the sparkling waters rapidly changed my disappointment into joyful hope. I cast my line and waited for a nibble. I waited and waited. I fished and fished. I tramped up and tramped down. Finally a small fish came near the fly, looked at it with an appraising eye, but thinking it too large for him, changed his mind and fled.

This little incident made me disgusted. To be pestered around by such microscopic fish was no joke. But—what was that? Something had moved in the water a few yards to my right. Something large and scaly—there it was again. It was an enormous trout. I cautiously stepped up near it, slipped out several yards from my reel, and deftly arranged my fly in the most alluring manner possible. I swung the line just in front of his nose. He saw the bait. He regarded it. He approached it. He sneered at me in the most humiliating manner. With a graceful flip of his massive tail he churned the waters and slipped away into his limpid home. My eager eyes followed him; my eager legs conveyed me down the stream, where he swam nonchalantly, challenging me in his provocative way. My desire to have him increased a thousand fold. My thoughts as to his size were amply justified. He measured easily twenty inches. I changed my fly and cast the line. He swam near it, looked at it, and jeered at me for my simple trap. Down he went. I followed him with keener eyes than before. I changed my fly for another that I had kept in my hat and had missed before. It was my best one. Mind and body absorbed with the chase, I dashed along the banks and splashed among the rocks. I was getting desperate. With his every rise, I noticed more and more his gigantic size. My desire grew into a craving. At length, to my boundless satisfaction, I managed to near the giant and swung the pretty fly in its direction. It rested a moment on the water. It jumped as if alive. The trout approached it. Ulp! the little fly disappeared into the trout's cavernous mouth. Zing! the tug nearly tore the pole from my hands. How my reel did whirl! The



fight was on. He tugged and he tugged. He jumped and dived; he splashed and squirmed; he churned and shook. By every conceivable ruse did he try to get away from his impending disaster. But by imperceptible degrees he tired. I felt it, and turned in my line cautiously. Whing! my line nearly cut at his renewed exertions. But patience overcame all. Finally I pulled him in, a spent brute, still resisting feebly with his remaining strength. I proceeded to unhook him, while my eyes gloated over his magnificent proportions. This prize was enough for me. I called it a day.

With a swelling chest, I whistled myself home. I entered, fairly bursting with excitement to tell my folks about it. But I must first of all dispose of my fish. I sneaked up to the kitchen. It was very stuffy. I opened the windows, unlatched the refrigerator door, hastily deposited my giant trout inside, and fairly ran to the living room. There I told all to my parents, my sisters, and my brothers. I told them of his magnificent dimensions, of my skill in handling the fly which had brought about his end, of the terrible fight he had put up, which fight, however, in my experienced hands, had been fruitless. They would see this trout this very night I told them. I went about to the more intimate of my neighbors, especially Joe, who was my rival angler, he being far better at exaggerating than at fishing. I would show him!

He heard my story. His eyes grew wondrous wide. He wished to see the trout. "All right," said I.

We opened the kitchen door. A myriad of padded feet scuttled beneath the icebox to the open window, and jumped into the yard. Wondering, I dashed up to the refrigerator. Its door was open; I had forgotten to shut it in my eager haste. Shaking with a fear known only to boasters, I peered into its interior. I saw no giant trout. My rival angler saw none either. I was on the point of making a closer scrutiny, when something crunched under my foot. I looked down. Bones! Fish-bones! The cats of the neighborhood had been busy. Joe turned to me: "So that'uz your 'enormous' trout is it?" With a sneer he was off.

"Darn it," I said.

### THE ANGLER'S PRAYER.

Lord, suffer me to catch a fish  
So large that even I,  
In talking of it afterwards,  
Shall have no need to lie.

J. S. Boyd, '19.

## Deserted

Michael Ohno '30

FOR years, the little village of Belle Foret had been enjoying the harmony of time and peace. The cobblestones, upon which the children romped, were smooth and rounded, worn by the feet of generations. The sun always showered his favorite golden hues upon the trellised grapes of the vineyards that surrounded the village—the home of mirth and happiness.

But in the course of a single day in July 1914—the date which has burnt itself into our memory, never to be effaced—time and peace withdrew from their friendly abode. The honey-colored cottages, wherein song and laughter had sounded, were hushed into ominous silence. An air of uncertainty floated throughout the village. The happy days of Belle Foret passed into oblivion.

A little more than three months had elapsed since that eventful date. One day a boy—seemingly not more than twelve—came running into the village. "Flee! Clear the village! The enemy is coming!" he cried and clutched at a near-by gate, gasping for breath. The people suspended their business or interrupted their idleness and gathered about him. "The Germans are coming! They are going to attack this little village!" yelled someone in the crowd. "Impossible! You might as well say a band of devils," asserted another. As an effect a burst of laughter rose from the crowd. It was apparent that the people would not listen to the boy—a boy, they had never before seen. "They are coming!" cried the panting boy in despair, or why would I have come running all the way to tell you?"

For the first time the eyes of the crowd were concentrated on the boy's appearance. He was a pale, slim, rather pathetic-looking object, poorly-clad. His nut brown hair was sprinkled with dust; and from his face beads of water fell. His tattered clothing was soaked with perspiration. His legs, bare to the knees, were bleeding. Last of all they spied a ghost of a dog, sitting faithfully beside him. The animal pressed its lank body closer to his master, as if to protect him from further insult.

"There!" gasped the poor lad, "don't you hear the booming of cannons?" The crowd grew silent and listened. Sure enough upon the winter breeze came low, muffled roars—roars as of cannons firing at a distance. Even as the crowd waited, the muffled sounds grew louder and louder. "Ma foi!" exclaimed one, "there is something in what the boy says!" This was the signal for a general dispersal. Then ensued a great rush for

home. The people fell to packing their belongings in dead earnest.

The shells which began to fall mercilessly in the neighbourhood, hastened their nervous preparations for the flight. Before an hour had flown, the simple peasants took to the highway, leaving a trail of dust behind them. But alas! they had forgotten—everyone of them—something very important, in the eyes of God and man.

Poor Henri—such was the name of the boy—sat there by the gate, watching the people departing without expressing a single word of gratitude. He was entirely forgotten. Nobody had asked him whether he was not tired after running so far! Or if he did not feel hungry! No, not one had done that. But he did not care; why should he? It was his duty, and he expected no reward; besides he was only an orphan. "And yet they could have at least given you something to eat, mon Petit," he said sadly and stooping, kindly embraced the dog. The animal wagged its tail in return. There the two sat, amidst the monotonous roars of the cannons and the gathering dusk, watching the dim forms of those, who had deserted them, fading in the distance.....

### THE BEACH BY TOKYO BAY

Fanned by the cooling touch  
Of breezes fresh and keen,  
I wend my steps along the beach,  
And watch the breakers' sheen.

The wat'ry feathers made  
By chaffing waves against the shore  
Cling to my quiv'ring heels,  
Awhile there stay, then back they pour.

Again and yet again Neptune,  
Guarded by hoary horses his,  
Accumulations sandy charge,  
And vanquished, turned in sullen hiss.

William R. Mayers '31.

## The Reunion

K. Alt, '30

LARGE flakes of snow resembling plucked cotton were falling thickly; the wind was shrieking weirdly as if the oppressive leaden sky was bearing down upon it. In spite of the cold and stormy weather, Shinanoya Gensaburo was feeling happy as he sat near the fireplace sipping complacently at his favorite hot "sake" (wine prepared from rice). His kindly face was beaming with delight as he pondered over the wonderful profit he had made that year with the "chirimen" (specially prepared silk cloth) industry. The light on Gensaburo's beaming countenance faded and even a tear appeared in his gentle eye as his mind shifted to the recollection of his favorite clerk, Choemon, who had been called away to Buddha hardly three months before.

"Choemon was crying piteously for 'Kaichi' at his death bed," muttered Gensaburo between sips. "Who could Kaichi be?"

Suddenly the merchant stopped murmuring and cocked his ears for there seemed to be pandemonium at the door. He had not listened long, before the "karakami" (paper door with wooden frame) opened, revealing a man-servant bowing with great deference.

"What is the matter, Gosaku?" asked Gensaburo.

"A young pilgrim, master, has been found unconscious in front of our house."

"What have you done with him?"

"We have carried him in and have given him some stimulants. I have come to ask you for further orders for I am sure you will help this holy man."

"Take him to the visitor's room and offer him a warm bed. I shall see him immediately."

Gensaburo hastily drank off his hot "sake" and proceeded to the visitor's room. Noiselessly he entered the chamber and seated himself beside Gosaku near the pillow. The pilgrim was fast asleep. At first sight of the face of the stranger, Gensaburo gasped and turned deadly pale. The rich merchant bent low scrutinizing the pilgrim's countenance intently. Just at that moment the object of keen scrutiny opened his eyes, dark beautiful eyes filled with pitiful agony. He tried to sit up but failed and fell on his pillow with a pathetic groan.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself, dear stranger," protested Gensaburo. "What you need most now is absolute rest. Keep still."



Saying these words he gently placed the bed-cover on the shoulders of the invalid.

"I thank you a thousand times, most kind person. May the gods reward you a hundredfold for all your acts of charity," humbly replied the pilgrim.

"Gods forbid! you need not thank me so much. I can not help blushing when I think of the little things I do for you," softly spoke the merchant, reddening at the same time for he was by no means proud. "But if you wish to please me," he continued, "kindly answer me a few questions."

The pilgrim faintly nodded his consent.

"What is your name?"

"Kaichi."

"Are you from Yedo? Were you parted from your father five years ago? Was his name Choemon?" inquired Gensaburo, flushing with excitement, without waiting for an answer.

"Yes, b-but where did you get that information?" the pilgrim panted. "Do you know where my father is? Can you let me see him?"

"Yes, but you must wait for three days before I can let you see your father. Till then, good-bye." Wishing to avoid the betrayal of his rebellious emotions Gensaburo left the room abruptly, sighing, "How ironical fate is!"

Kaichi regained his health steadily and was happy all the while thinking of the *final reunion* that was to come. At last came the eagerly-awaited third day. He donned a new kimono offered to him by kind old Gensaburo, and proceeded to his *father's home* accompanied by faithful Gosaku. The nearer the two approached their destination the more did hilarity gain the soul of Kaichi, while hypochondria kept devastating the sympathetic heart of Gosaku.

They had walked for half an hour when Kaichi asked, "Is my father living far away?"

"Yes," replied Gosaku, "*far away*."

They, with different thoughts and moods, plodded on for another half hour; Kaichi as buoyantly and gracefully as a young deer, Gosaku as heavily and stiffly as a belabored horse. At last Gosaku left the road, passed by a temple and walked into the burial grounds. The poor young man slowly apprehended the meaning of this strange action and following kept repeating to himself, "My father didn't die." His hopes were cruelly shattered at sight of a newly-made tombstone with 'Choemon' carved into it. His young form swayed, but steadying himself he knelt down. He tried with blue quivering lips to say "Namu ami dabutsu" (Buddhist prayer) but only a heart-rending sob left his mouth, followed by hot tears. Gosaku stood with his back to the

tomb, trembling with agitation. After a mighty struggle with his unruly emotions he mastered himself and urged Kaichi to return but was asked to go first. He gladly left the place for his heart could not endure the pathetic scene.

"Father, is this my reward?" cried the forlorn son to the tombstone as if the cold block could hear him. "Have the five years of continuous hardships come to naught? Are there no gods? Oh father! why did you die? Take me, take me to your place of rest," continued Kaichi in passionate entreaty. During his tearful lament the dark mantle of night wrapped him up unawares.

The north-easterly wind moaned in sympathy and heaven wept white tears that covered the earth and its sorrows. Gensaburo's apprehension grew strong as night deepened. Led by Gosaku and three other servants, he hastened thru the snowstorm to the graveyard. He found Kaichi lying on the tomb with a sweet smile on his young countenance. His soul was experiencing the joy of the *final reunion* and was flying with his father's soul to the *home far away*.

### THOSE HAPPY DAYS.

Happy were those bygone days

When we rambled, you and I,

And we whistled youthful lays.

Those times have faded with the past. Farewell!

No more the green and wooded hill

We'll ever visit, you and I,

Nor walk the cooling glade, nor feel its thrill.

Those times have faded with the past. Farewell!

No more the humble school, its pictured-walls,

Its friendly faces will we see, you and I.

A cloud on fading memory falls.

Those times have faded with the past. Farewell!

Michael Ohno, '30.

## A True Story

Michael S. Ganin '30.

**D**URING the fairest season of all the year, in a Chinese market town Yan-gun-lun, some twenty miles away from the banks of the great river, Yalu, a little girl was born. There was not much rejoicing when this news was announced, even though the baby was the first child of the family. To have no son was bad enough, but to have, instead, a useless girl made the position of the Chinese parents pitiable. Since, however, the father of this little girl was a Christian, he took the babe, as a gift of Divine Providence. Soon she was almost as dear to him as if she had been a boy. Before long a name had to be selected for her; and she was baptized by the will of her father.

Some years passed by and she became a very pretty little child. Her father placed her in the missionary school. Her small feet had never been put out of shape with long cotton bandages, for her father considered this custom so foolish that he determined his little daughter should never have to submit to it. Thus she was able to trip along like any foreign girl, though the children of the neighbours would often make fun of her. Laughing and pointing at her unbound feet, they said these were most ugly for a girl.

She was always fair and joyous, because her feet permitted her to play. But there came a day that was sad indeed for the little girl. Her father was suddenly taken away from her by death. After the time of mourning was passed the neighbouring women used to call in and see the little scholar's mother, advising her as to what they considered her duty. They all agreed that the mother had been most neglectful of her child's interest, and painted in vivid language the sad future which, they believed, awaited the tot.

"The very idea of allowing a girl to have feet of which any beggar might be ashamed!" they taunted. "Why, those feet are enough to ruin any girl's prospects in life; she will be fit for nothing but a slave."

Unfortunately her mother was one of those people who are easily affected by the advices of their neighbours, notwithstanding the fact that they may be doing the right thing. It seemed very hard to the mother that she should be blamed for submitting to the will of her dead husband. "If only they had been bound when she was little," she used to say: "all would have been well; but now I fear she is too old. Her feet have grown large, for

she is twelve years of age; and the pain she would suffer would be so great that, on account of her delicate health, I fear it might make her ill." "What nonsense!" was the reply of her neighbours. "We will never believe that foot-binding can injure anyone's health. It is just an excuse made by a careless mother."

No wonder the mother of this poor girl who was a weak-minded person with little resolution, grew more perplexed. At last she made up her mind. One day she procured the long cotton bandages and set to work to deform her little daughter's feet and reduce them to the much-desired smallness which Chinese fashion prescribes. The poor child suffered more than is usual since the binding had been so long delayed. She was an uncomplaining little thing, and bore the pain patiently though, sometimes, she used to sit in a corner of the house crying quietly to herself.

The fierce heat of a very oppressive Chinese summer fell upon that district. Even the natives suffered severely and malaria fever was everywhere prevalent. Sickness obliged the people of the wealthier class to leave the city. The little girl and her mother however were left in the sweltering town. Soon the constant pain together with the unusual heat seemed to sap the poor child's strength; and she was stricken down with fever from which she was unable to rally. She grew weaker and weaker, till at last one August evening, they saw the end was near.

"Send for my teacher to come and pray with me," said the child. When the good missionary came and knelt by the little one's bedside, she found the room crowded not only with sorrowing friends but also with curious neighbours. She commended the little sufferer to the Father of Mercy and Compassion. Meanwhile the poor weak-minded mother stood by the bedside weeping bitterly.

"Do not cry, mother," gasped the dying child. "I am going to be very happy; why should you weep, mother?"

The heathen neighbours, who had pressed into the room, looked at each other in amazement. "How is it that a child talks like that?" they asked. "She is not afraid; she is glad to die! What strange people those Christians are!"

### DAWN.

The brilliant orb from woodlands gray,  
Smiles thru the cool and misty dawn  
Of a summer's tranquil day,  
Clad in dazzling russet gown.  
And thru the morning air they sail  
Those winged creatures of the sky,  
The coming of the day to hail  
Thru hills and dales afar and nigh.

George Yamada, '31.



## On Being the Eldest Child

George G. Mayers '30

NOW and then friends tell me that I am lucky. I inquire after the reason, and they reply: "Why you are the oldest boy; you can go out at any hour, and do as you please." However, I disagree with them on this point. I speak from personal experience, and I think that every first-born will agree with me.

Everyone knows that the higher the position, the greater the responsibility. This especially applies to the oldest child of the family. He must take the responsibility for nearly everything. He is expected to give a consistently good example and try to better his little brothers and sisters by the alluring fascination of bright deeds. In other words, he is the set model for his juniors.

Some ten days ago, mother was invited to a party by an old acquaintance. On leaving the house she said to us quite earnestly: "Now be good children while I am away; and Richard, you see that everything goes right." Sure enough, she had to mention me! Being the bulkiest, and in consequence the most conspicuous, I could not escape her notice. Accordingly I conducted myself like a gentleman, and prepared myself to measure up to her expectations by seeing that things went right.

After mother's departure everybody was mute and solemn. But as the minutes wore away, the smaller children began to get restless. Johnny commenced to cry because Jenny had taken his top. Then Jenny started to quarrel with Jackie for Jackie had hit her on the head. The two struggled, swayed against the table and spilled the kings and queens on Frank and Bill's chess-board. Instantly Frank and Bill fell upon Jenny and Jackie; and the noisiest row ensued. At first, I contemplated the scene in silence; but as the climax gradually approached I dashed into the melée and played peacemaker among the junior belligerents.

Soon everything was as quiet as a Korean school. Bang! a pane of glass was shattered to pieces. Again, I rose from my seat; for did not mother say that I should see that things went right? Now here was something that had evidently gone wrong! "Who did it?" I demanded putting on a murderous look.

"John did it, John did it" came the response. As my plenipotentiary powers were limited to seeing that things went right, all I could do was to wait for mother's return.

Within the next hour mother returned and rejoiced to see the children in high glee. All at once there came a change over her

features; her eyes had taken in the result of John's "work." "Who did it?" she asked looking around enquiringly. John started blushing and his body began to quiver. Mother gave him that which naughty children of all ages get for their juvenile misdemeanors—a spanking. I felt greatly relieved, thinking that the case was satisfactorily settled; the worst, however, was yet to come. Mother turned to me with an ominous look and said: "And you, why did you not stop them?" I neither replied nor argued; for if ever arguing was useless, this was certainly the time. I simply had to swallow my share, the share of the eldest child in the family.

Yes, to be the eldest in the family does not mean that you have the best time. True, there are some privileges such as taking father's place when he is ill; of signing receipts in his stead; but in general the eldest child in the family has the worst time. Would to God, that I were the youngest!

## FAREWELL.

Forth goes he bold, with clinging mem'ries dear  
Of the cheerful days at school, to wield his ax  
Thru life's obstacles a way to clear  
And drive the wedge in life's forest drear.  
From morn to eve his fruitful task;  
And when the forest densest clears  
Builds a home among the bowers thick,  
The fruit of tedious years.

Gerald Gomes, '31.



## FRANÇAIS

### Une anecdote sur Benet Mussolini

G. T. Otani '30

Un jour, dans un bac qui traverse le Tibre, un petit garçon était assis tout à l'avant et comptait l'argent qu'il avait gagné ce jour-là. Il ne trouva qu'un peu plus d'une lire. A ce moment une jeune fille, qui, elle aussi, avait l'air pauvre, s'approcha de lui et lui dit :

"Êtes vous aussi pauvre que moi?"

"Aussi pauvre que vous?" dit le garçon; "mais, combien d'argent avez-vous?"

"Aujourd'hui j'ai gagné deux pièces d'argent et dix pièces de cuivre."

"C'est beaucoup, ça. Je n'ai que cinq pièces de cuivre et un poisson pour ma mère."

"Votre mère? Vous avez une bonne mère? Que vous êtes heureux!"

"Oui, mais elle est très malade," dit le garçon avec des larmes dans les yeux. "Chaque jour je joue du violon et je gagne un peu d'argent pour acheter des remèdes pour ma mère."

"Vous êtes bien malheureux. Tenez, voici une de mes deux pièces d'argent. Achetez une bonne médecine pour votre mère."

"Mais, pour qui travaillez-vous?" demanda le garçon.

"Pour mon oncle. Mais il me traite comme on ne traite pas un chien. Si je ne lui apporte pas beaucoup d'argent il me fouette et il ne me donne rien à manger."

"Et comment gagnez-vous de l'argent?"

"Je chante," dit la fille..... "et vous jouez du violon, n'est-ce pas?"

"Oui, je joue un peu seulement."

"C'est bien, vous jouerez du violon et je chanterai. Je crois que nous pouvons gagner un peu d'argent ensemble. Savez-vous la Santa Lucia?"

"Non."

"Alors le Menuet?"

"Non plus."

"Prêtez-moi ce violon," dit alors un homme qui avait écouté toute la conversation de ces deux enfants. Le garçon lui donna le violon, et le monsieur fit signe à la fillette: "Chantez le Menuet, je vous accompagnerai avec le violon."

Au commencement personne ne prêta l'oreille à la musique mais peu à peu le nombre des curieux augmenta et à la fin de ce premier morceau tous les passagers étaient autour de ce groupe d'artistes. Quand le morceau fut terminé l'homme ordonna aux deux enfants de passer le chapeau. Mais personne ne voulut donner une petite aumône. A cette vue l'homme qui avait joué du violon enleva son chapeau et montra son visage. C'était Mussolini. Il dit alors aux enfants de passer leur chapeau encore une fois. Cette fois-ci tout le monde leur donna quelque chose; Mussolini de son côté donna aux enfants deux pièces d'or.

Peu d'instants après, le bac aborda à Rome. Au débarcadère deux hommes en chemise noire attendaient l'arrivée du premier ministre. Avant de débarquer Mussolini dit au garçon:

"Continuez à bien travailler, mon petit homme, et soignez bien votre mère. Quand vous serez grand n'oubliez pas d'être un de mes soldats et de porter la chemise noire."

"Merci monsieur, je promets à Dieu et à vous de faire tout ce que vous venez de me dire!"

"Alors, adieu, mes chers enfants, adieu."

### Le vengeance de Genzo

J. Tsuji '30

Le vent soufflait violemment: de longs éclairs déchiraient le ciel noir, le bruit étourdissant du tonnerre se répétait par ci par là; des épées brillaient dans la luminosité éblouissante des éclairs; la pluie coulait à torrents dans la nuit noire.

Soudain la foudre frappa un arbre qui tomba et par sa chute causa la mort d'un homme qui était venu s'abriter sous ses branches. Petit à petit tout devint silencieux jusqu'à ce que l'aube apparût, avec un soleil radieux envoyant ses rayons à travers l'épais feuillage des arbres.

Les oiseaux chantaient; tout semblait gai dans la nature à son réveil. Mais il y avait une chose qui ne l'était pas: un être humain était étendu sans vie sous l'arbre foudroyé.....



Lors de cet événement, vivait à Kyoto, ancienne capitale du Japon, un jeune et beau seigneur du nom de Genzo. Le lendemain de ce jour un message lui parvint. D'où venait-il ? personne ne sut le dire. Avec le message se trouvait un paquet ; Genzō en l'ouvrant fut grandement surpris d'y trouver la tête d'un homme, couverte de sang, les cheveux embroussaillés.

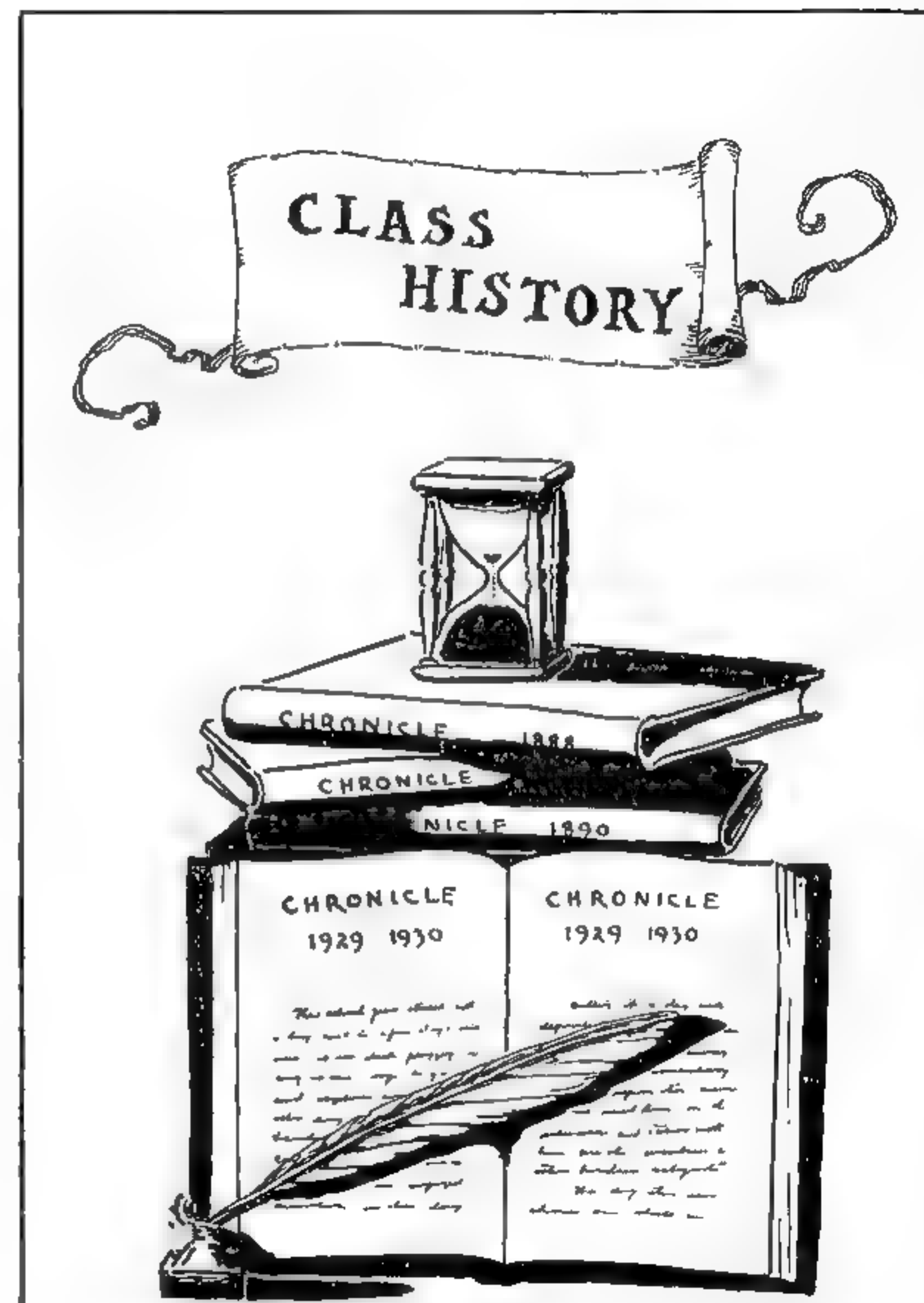
Il reconnut la tête de son père qui avait été assassiné par certains seigneurs vicieux de la ville voisine. Dans son excitation et sa colère, Genzō résolut de venger la mort de son père en tuant ceux qui lui avaient si horriblement ôté la vie.

Après avoir réfléchi à la façon dont il pourrait capturer ces seigneurs assoiffés de sang, il partit avec quelques-uns de ses meilleurs soldats. Pendant une nuit obscure, alors qu'ils passaient le long d'une route, où d'un côté une rivière coule ses eaux limpides vers la mer et où de l'autre une forêt s'étend très épaisse et mystérieuse, une forme humaine épiait à leur insu jusqu'aux moindres détails de la marche de la petite troupe. Le lendemain, Genzō et ses hommes marchèrent tout droit dans les mains de leurs ennemis et furent emmenés prisonniers dans les obscurs et humides donjons du château ennemi. Celui-ci se trouvait du côté d'Osaka, sur le sommet d'un rocher entouré de tous les côtés d'effroyables précipices. Mais par suite du travail en collaboration de ces braves, exécuté avec les plus grandes précautions pendant plusieurs nuits successives, ils arrivèrent à percer le mur du donjon.

Mais un dangereux précipice longeait ce point-là, et les fossés du château offraient aussi aux prisonniers de grandes difficultés pour leur évasion. Une nuit, rendue plus sombre par un épais brouillard, ils s'échappèrent à l'aide d'une longue corde qu'ils avaient découverte dans un coin du donjon.

Descendant le pan de mur fort escarpé ils arrivèrent dans les fossés d'où ils disparurent sans bruit.

Genzō et ses hommes s'enfuirent dans leur propre château et revinrent avec une puissante armée, assiégèrent le château ennemi et s'emparèrent de ses habitants. Ceux-ci après une semaine d'emprisonnement furent tous exécutés. Ce fut la vengeance de Genzō.



## SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

George G. Mayers '30.

IN the fall of the year nineteen hundred and twenty-six, a class of over one score of bashful lads stepped into the 1st High.

The new Freshmen seemed to be rather uneasy for it was the first time that they had looked into the High School Department. Everything was new to them: the studies, the surroundings and the teacher, Mr. Germain. Nevertheless, the jolly group soon became acquainted with the surroundings. A football team was organized at once. And sure enough, it proved to be one of the strongest teams of the College. Game after game was won till there was hardly any team that would withstand the Freshmen eleven.

Thus the Freshies grew into young men, forgetting the childish habits of the Primary School days. They were both older and wiser by the time they glided into the Sophomore Department. True, some were left behind. 1928 is a year, that shall remain forever in the minds of the Seniors. It was then that they learned the value of class-spirit—the advantage of working together. The greatest event that occurred in that year was the Annual excursion. True, excursions come every year, but that outing was a special one. Primarily it was due to Mr. Abromitis, the Sophomore teacher, who is familiar with all the places where one can enjoy oneself to heart's content. The Sophomores of 1928 had the honor of being very proficient in the art of painting. In fact they had among them quite a number of "artists in the embryo."

The reopening of school on the 17th of September 1928 brought sad tidings; for only thirteen Sophomore graduates entered the Junior Class. This was due to the fact that many had quit school, whilst others had failed in the examinations. These "true-and-tried" thirteen, were as well united as the Sophomores of the previous year; though, perhaps, they had grown a little more serious. They made rapid progress in studies as well as in sports. A baseball team was organized, and frequent matches were held against the seniors. Though here and there, there were defeats, victories were not lacking. In this fashion, the steady Juniors embarked on the Senior craft. The line-up counting ten, proved the truth of the saying: "Many are called, but few are chosen." How different they seemed from the bashful Freshmen that once stepped into the High School Department. But in



heart, these Seniors of 1930 were the same as the Freshmen of 1926. They still had their odd ways and odder nicknames; but they were the same spirited group. On the basketball court, on the baseball diamond and even in the swimming pool, the Seniors were represented by picked teams.

The intricacies of trigonometry, the difficulties of Latin and the "thought-provokers" of geometry fell in turn before their eager intellects. Acting as first-hand assistants to Mr. Haegeli, they capably managed the 29th Annual Athletic Meeting at the Y. C. A. C. grounds. Soon graduation dawned and with it the prospect of parting from the school they loved.

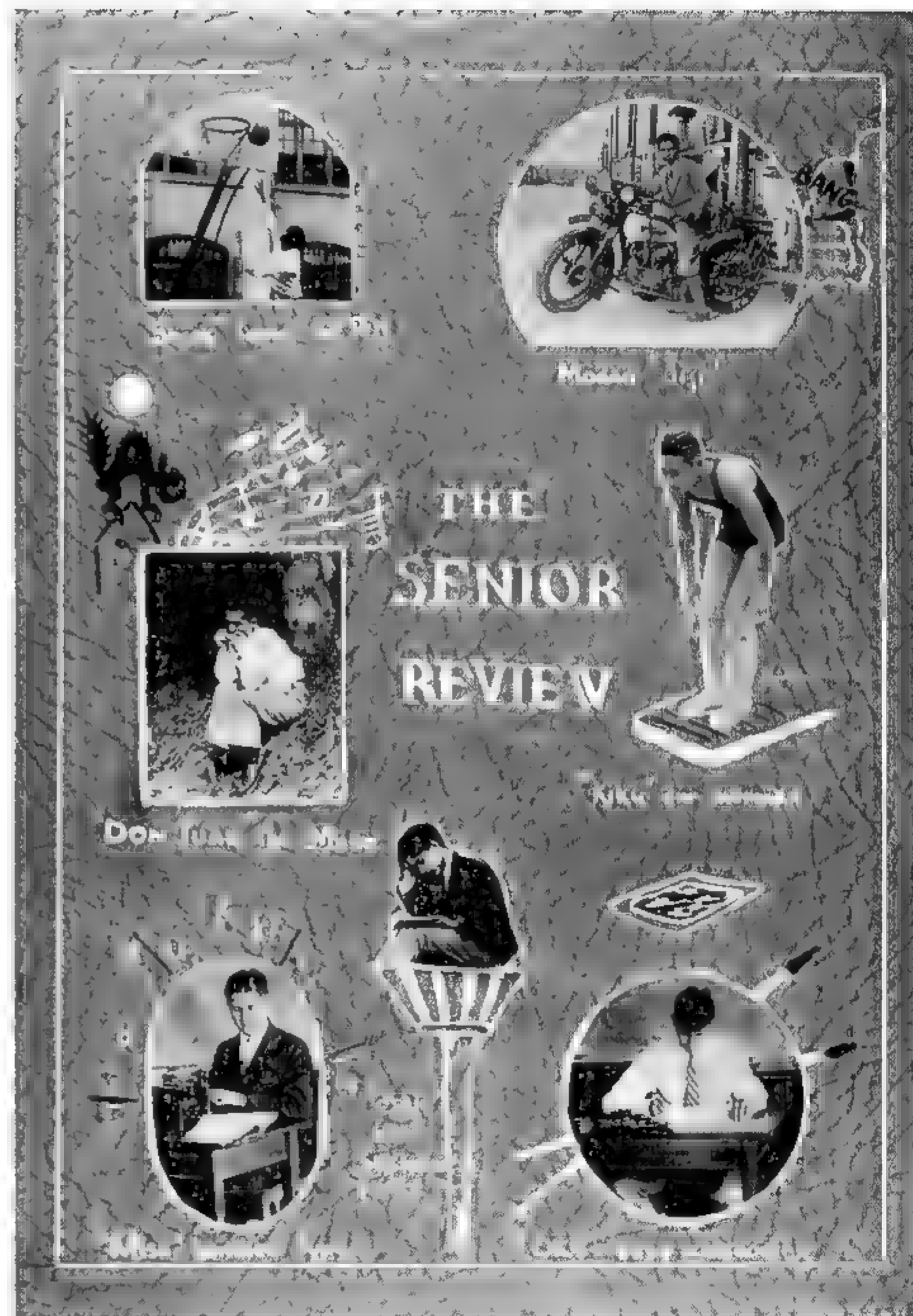
As the Seniors look back upon the years spent at their dear Alma Mater, their hearts swell with gratitude towards the school which has done so much for them. They ardently hope that the Christian principles which she has striven to inculcate into them may pervade and direct their lives. "True Christian Gentlemen" shall be their motto. They will ever cherish a warm spot in their hearts for dear S. J. C. and will ever be ready to render her a helping hand.

With these parting sentiments, the Seniors of 1930 bid their teachers and fellow-students a last hearty farewell!

Finally the entire class of 1930 joins in repeating that school-song which expresses best its feelings and thoughts:—

"We are proud St. Joseph boys to be,  
Proud to bear this great and noble name  
And our aim thru life shall ever be,  
To increase its glory and its fame."

"Then hurrah! for good St. Joseph School!  
May we ever be its joy and pride,  
May we e'er stand loyal at its side,  
Once more hurrah, for good St. Joseph School!"



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

### MUSEUM DONATIONS.

**Mr. Keigoro Hasegawa** presented five specimens of gold-bearing quartz and one containing free gold.

**Mr. K. Yokohama**, representing Mikimoto Cultural Pearl Co., presented a unique specimen consisting of an oyster showing a well developed pearl.

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**Mr. C. W. Meyers** donated lava sand blown upon the deck of a steamer a hundred miles from land.

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**Mrs. Tompkison** presented a number of specimens of iron and copper pyrites.

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**Student Frederick Savory** donated a generous box of marine shells of his own gathering, from the Bonin Islands.

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**Mr. Scaredov** enhanced the mineral collection by giving numerous specimens.

**Student George Otani** presented various ores from a mine near Akita.

**Mr. Arkadie Beckman** presented two boxes of minerals from the Ural district.

### LIBRARY DONATIONS.

**Students O. Lopez, V. Chirskoff and H. Frank** donated story books.



# ✻ ALUMNI ✻

H. Salter, '30

Lewis L. Shaw has written an article on "Earthquakes,"—not forgetting to mention that of '23—for his school magazine, the Columbian. He warns his fellow-students to be careful.

L. Cox, S. Kawazoe, and G. Weed graduated from U.D. as electrical, mechanical and chemical engineers respectively. The last two have been admitted to Boston Technical Institute.

P. Ruegg, who left us after the quake, returned to Switzerland, where he pursued his studies with great success. He is now working in London with the National City Bank of N.Y.

G. Jolles returned to the States where no doubt the Frigidaire Co. will soon have an enviable position for him.

Mr. Jos. F. Janning's picture and the medal he received from the French Government appeared in the newspapers throughout the State of Ohio, U.S.A.

L. Galstaun is very successful with his studies at the U. of D. having attained a general average of over 90% in the last quarter. He finds mathematics rather easy.

C. Mahlmann has a chance of winning the gold medal for excellence in Sophomore Physics and Mathematics at the U. of D.

O. Guezennec, who is a pre-quake student, has not forgotten his Alma Mater. He now has a government position of "Contrôleur des Contributions Directes" at Mairie, Hanoi, China.

Robert Blum has been honored with a teaching fellowship in political science at the University of California. He hopes to obtain the Master of Arts degree within the next year. He is the son of Mr. Paul Blum, manager of Witkowski & Co. of Kobe and President of the American Association of the same city.

Old Grads Attention! John S. Boyd would like to get in touch with Max Dietrich and Hero J. Cook (Tomeye). Please write information to the "Forward" or directly to John S. Boyd, whose address is: Poste Restante, Falkirk, Scotland.

Some one would like to have George Kramarenko's address. Please communicate.

## THE JUNIOR REVIEW



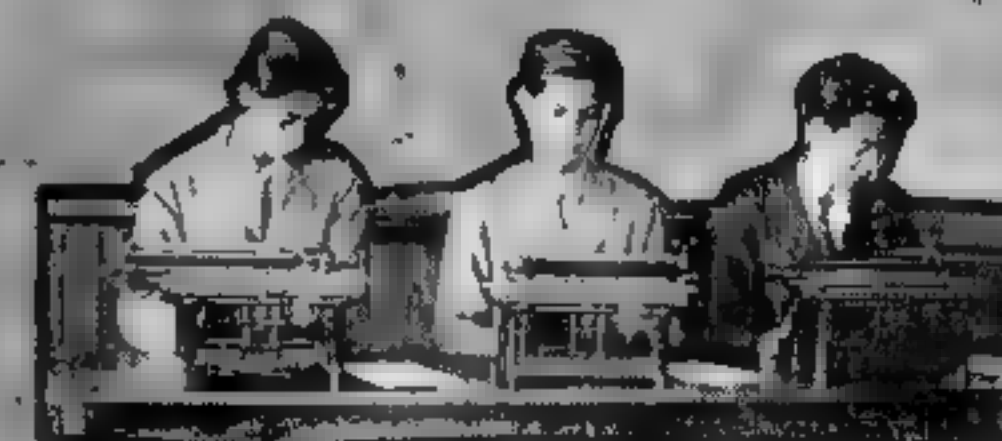
The Junior Bookkeeper



The "mechanical artist"



Small but efficient

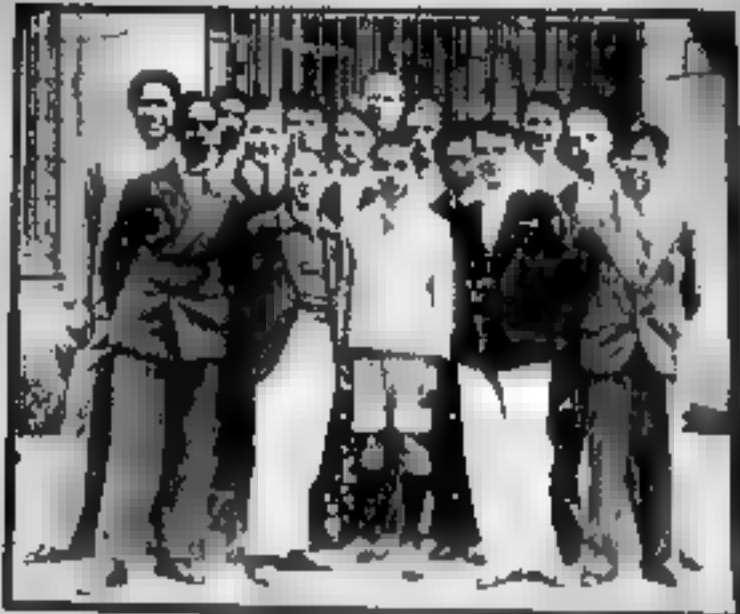


The "speedies"



The four alchemists

## SOPHOMORE AND FRESHMEN REVIEW



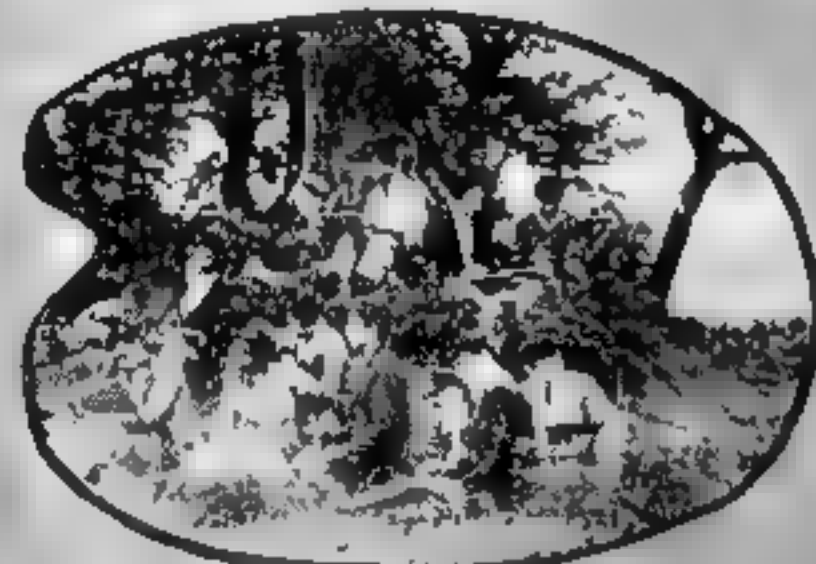
The Sophs — ensemble



Results of mineral hunts



The Freshies at it



The Artists outdoors



Cyclers from the 1st High



The Freshmen gang

## NEWS



Honorable Charles L. De Vault

### AMERICAN CONSUL GIVES COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

The Commencement Exercises for the Class of 1930 were held in the school hall, July the fifth, at 3 00 p.m. The address to the Graduates was most ably rendered by the Honorable Charles L. De Vault, American Consul at Yokohama.

Mr. De Vault was formerly American Vice-Consul at Paris, France, and Consul at London, England. Prior to entering the American Government's Foreign Service the Consul enjoyed a distinguished career of more than twenty years as a lawyer. He was born in Indiana and graduated from the University of Michigan with the degree of LL. B.

The American diplomat's speech was of such high calibre and of such inspiring sentiments, that we feel obliged to transmit it in its entirety :

#### Members of the Class of 1930 :

I am deeply appreciative of the honor of the invitation extended to me by your distinguished Director and College Faculty to meet with you, your parents, teachers, and friends and to say



to you a few words to cheer you on your way as you set forth on your Commencement Day.

I am not so bold, however, as to believe that anything I am able to say to you can add greatly to the substance or the inspiration which you have already received from the care and training of your devoted parents, the encouragement and assistance of faithful friends, and the careful and thorough instruction of these able men. Their devotion, toil, and patience to enable you to commence your work in life with trained hearts and minds and bodies,—above all, with developed characters—will, I am sure, be ever present in your thoughts as long as you shall live. You would poorly repay these priceless things they have done for you if you should even for a single hour forget their work and prayers and love and hopes for you.

Instead of asking this Day that each pledge himself to follow a long list of good and useful, but minor, things that I might name to you to help you on your way to a right and happy life, I am asking only two,—the one, that you remain always true to the high hopes your loved ones have for you; the other, that you remain always true to that inner light which the Almighty Father has given to each to guide you aright—your Conscience, enlightened by your training.

If you will keep true at all times and everywhere to just these two, you cannot fail. And you want to succeed. That you will succeed I promise, so long as you keep true to these two un-failing rules. If you are faithless to these two lodestars of your life your will fail.

To remember to attend, and to attend, to these two things is not too hard a task for young men like yourselves. If no one had ever loved you, if no one had ever toiled for you, if no one ever had any hopes for you, it might be very hard indeed. If you were not sane with a God-given conscience it might then be hard always to see the right road. But you have a greater advantage in the use of these than most,—you have had the rare advantage of the best training of head and heart for ten years in St. Joseph's College, famed for training accredited youths into men of character. And it is character that counts; nothing else is important in the long run and at the finish; and character is enlightened and honest Conscience and it keeps Honor shining bright.

But what about business success,—success in commerce, industry, finance, politics, a profession? That I have already answered, if I have made myself clear. The tough, cold, indifferent old World will give you only so much as you can take honestly. It does not owe you a living and you will not get even a bare living without earning it at every step. And you will not earn any part of it without great effort. But you will

succeed. I promised you success; I promise it again. The man in the home, in commerce, in industry, in finance, in politics, or as teacher, doctor of medicine, lawyer, or whatever, is the same man. The same things—the two things which I have just mentioned—will make you the right man in all or any of the lines of life and work in which you engage. Keeping alive in your heart the hopes of your loved ones and in your mind's eye always the pilot light of your enlightened Conscience, you will be honest, you will be brave, you will be thoughtful, you will have stamina,—that is, you will be a man of character in all you think and do. All that goes without saying. The exact measure of your success will, of course, depend upon the ability, the energy, the industry, the activity, and the determination you put into your work, day in and day out. You can go far; you can succeed largely; you can be as happy as it is given to mortal man to be, and you can give happiness to others; you can have wealth and power, if you try hard enough,—provided you keep true all, absolutely all, the time to what the loved ones hope for you and to the pilot light within.

In behalf of all who are here I say these things to you, because many of us have seen much of hardships, for there are hardships; of perplexities, for there are perplexities and complexities innumerable in the life of every human being of full age; of disappointments, for they are sure to come; of the wear and tear, the sorrows and the joys of life,—for all here I say these things to you as you fare forth with our hopes on you. The world of nearly two thousand million souls is a harder school than you have ever known; your course there will be more difficult than you can even dream. But I promised you that you shall succeed, and I promise it to you again. You know the price and you have the only two safe guides, and they are safe.

#### MR. MUTSCHLER TO VISIT FRANCE.

Mr. Mustchler, teacher of the 4th Year Preparatory and professor of violin is enjoying a short furlough. He left Yokohama, June 25, for France via Siberia. Mr. Mutschler was born and educated in Alsace-Lorraine. He has spent over thirty years in self-sacrificing educational work here in Japan, and therefore well merits a vacation. We are sure that the entire body of St. Joseph College together with his numerous friends throughout Japan unite with us in wishing him a safe journey and a very enjoyable stay in his native land! May he return to S. J. C. with renewed energy and enthusiasm to continue his noble work amongst us!

### GEORGE MAYERS DIES.

At 5 16 A.M., June 26th, George Mayers, a member of the Graduating Class passed to his eternal rest. George had contracted a severe case of blood-poisoning. He was taken to the Juzen hospital. For two days he hovered between life and death; then his condition seemed to change for the better. Suddenly Thursday morning, June 26th, he had a relapse and soon he passed away. Thus he was taken from this life on the very eve of his graduation.

The news of his sudden death came as a great surprise to all the students especially to us, his classmates. We shall surely miss George. His cheery manners and his varied accomplishments had made him a prominent member of our little group. Now we go forward to fight life's battles as 9 not as 10; however we are sure that our departed companion is united to us in heart.

The entire student body and faculty join with us in extending to his mother and to all his family heartfelt sympathies. We know they will miss him greatly and yet we cannot help saying that he has gone to a better place!

### DIRECTOR'S NAMEDAY A BIG SUCCESS.

June 24th, the Feast of St. John the Baptist and nameday of our esteemed director, Mr. Gaschy, was fittingly celebrated. On the eve of the Feast, George Kikuchi, a Senior, in a well-rendered talk greeted the Director in behalf of the entire student body and offered him the sincerest good wishes of all.

On the day itself, at 8:15, chapel services were held. Later in the morning an entertainment took place. The program consisted, in part, of various musical numbers, rendered by budding musicians among the students. The big attractions were three comical plays. The first, "Pigeon Fly," was a product of Mr. Higli's juvenile department; and a great success it turned out to be! We hope that many of these young artists persist in their theatrical endeavors. The second play was "student-made" and "student-manned," "Mr. Mustache the Detective" composed by James Harris. The final performance entitled "The Black Justice" was a laugh from start to finish. After the performance, Mr. Gaschy expressed his appreciation to all who helped to make the entertainment a success. In a short talk he stressed the idea of faithfulness to duty as a quality he desired most to develop among the students of S. J. C.

We surely hope and pray that the Almighty grant our beloved Director many more years of successful labor for our Alma Mater!



H. AKA - '39



## TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL FIELD DAY.

The S.J.C. athletes had another try for laurels on the 20th of May. The day opened, as usual, with the 100 yards event. 10½ short but provoking seconds and Oscar Lopez had breasted the tape, with Boyd and Papendieck closely following.

The 220 was a very even race—all contestants seeming to jam into one line; but finally Lopez came into the lead with Boyd second and Schoene third. The Time was 24½ seconds. For the 440 Lopez also snatched the prize from Schoene and Boyd his two followers—time 1 minute. In the half mile Schoene nosed ahead with Oscar and Ganin struggling for second and third place.

The one mile saw Schoene a fourth of a mile ahead of some of his competitors. His aim had been the record but he fell just short of the mark. Ganin and Mourier easily took second and third respectively.

For high jump our famous W. Lee was the undisputed king. Papendieck and Boyd tied for second place. Lee also took the laurels for broad jump with Ganin second.

Our budding athlete, Eyton, walked away with the prize for the polevault; Sawai and Leon qualified for second and third places.

The sole representative and strong man of the seniors, M. Ganin, threw the shot thirty-three and a half feet just two feet ahead of Schoene, the second man.

Oscar Lopez the sprinter of the sixth, took first place for the hop-step-jump.

This year though no records were broken, our athletes made a good showing. M. Ganin deserves notice for securing a place among the first five in every track and field event.

For total, Oscar Lopez was first, with fifty-five points; H. Schoene second with forty-one points; and M. Ganin third with thirty-nine points.

The funny races came in the afternoon. They were the "Comic Supplement" of the Athletic Carnival causing much mirth both among the spectators and the participants.

# 1930 TRACK



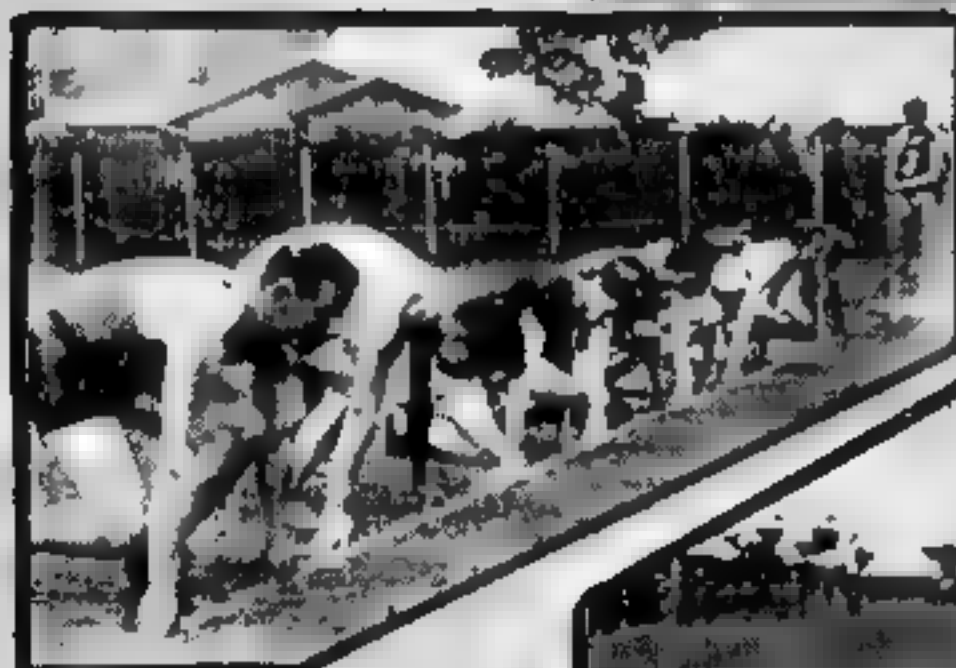
880 yd  
Seniors



100 yd dash  
Seniors



Start 100 yd  
dash 2d Jrs



READY !!



220 yd Seniors

220 yds  
1st Jrs



Seniors  
half-mile

1st Juniors  
100 yd dash.



1st Juniors  
1 mile



## The Winners of the I Juniors:

1st	B. Tretiakoff	...	...	...	...	41 pts.
2nd	Yamamoto	...	...	...	...	40 pts.
3rd	A. Otani...	...	...	...	...	38 pts.

## The II Juniors:

1st	J. Fukuda	...	...	...	...	35 pts.
2nd	N'gai	...	...	...	...	28 pts.
3rd	Ishikawa...	...	...	...	...	27 pts.

## The III Junior:

1st	Blamey	...	...	...	...	84 pts.
2nd	V. Lury	...	...	...	...	29 pts.
3rd	Mason	...	...	...	...	28 pts.

Some of the Minims have performed creditably in the recent sports day.

In the group of 1918, the following boys are well on their way to future glory:

J. Planas .....Winner of the 220, Time 31"; of the 440 Time 1' 15"; of the Long Jump 12 ft. 5 in.

N. Grossman ...Winner of the 100, Time 14½".

G. Grunberg ...Winner of the High Jump 1 metre 21 cm.

For the group of 1919: Tomkison was first; Min-Foo was second; Fernandes was third.

For the group of 1920: Thomas was first; W. Blamey was second; O. Petterson was third.

We take this opportunity to thank Mr. Olsen for acting as starter to our boys and Mr. Eyton who was our expert time-keeper. We also express our sincerest appreciation to Mr. Mayes, who

worked indefatigably to make the day a big success, and also to all the other members of the committee. So thanks to one and all who helped to make possible this enjoyable meet!

## BASEBALL NEWS.

After the excitement of the races had settled and the individual disappointments and elations had been forgotten, the whole school turned its attention to the sport of the season—baseball.

Even the high-minded Seniors had thrown off their habitual dignity and condescended to go into practice for the interclass baseball meets.

The Juniors have succeeded in winning the greater number of their games. They boast of a well-balanced team, but their victories seem to be somewhat affected by Dame Fortune's amiable smile. The fact, however, remains that they won.

The Sophomores seemed to be going in fine style. They have a rather good team with weeks of practice to back them up. Nevertheless they were annihilated both by the Freshies and by the Juniors and haven't recovered from the shock yet.

Every year, it seems to be same. The Freshmen seem to have the best team; but they were defeated by the Juniors.

The Sixth are the undefeated champions. Even the indomitable Juniors have bitten the dust before them.

## SWIMMING.

A new swimming pool has been built near the school, and is so far considered the first in Japan. Baseball has been dropped for the present in favor of the new sport. As many are interested we hope to form a new swimming team; and even an inter class meet has been suggested.

## TRACK MEET.

On the 15 June, our track and field team held a meet with the Shoko-Jishu Middle School at the Yokohama Koko grounds. The S.J.C. boys downed their opponents with the excellent score of 45—18.

The results were as follows:

# 1930 — FIELD



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	1st	2nd	3rd	Points	
				S.J.C.	Shoko.
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High Jump .....	Lee	—	Boyd	4	2
200 Metres .....	Oscar	—	Boyd	4	2
Shot Put .....	—	Ganin	Schoene	3	3
Long Jump .....	Mayers	—	Lee	4	2
400 Metres .....	Oscar	—	Otani, A.	4	2
Hop-Step-Jump ...	Lee	Mayers	Eaton	6	0
1 Mile .....	Schoene	Tretiakoff	—	5	1
Discus .....	—	Schoene	—	2	4
$\frac{1}{2}$ Mile .....	Schoene	—	Ganin	4	2
Relay .....	S.J.C....First ;	Shoko-Jishu...Second	3	0	
			45	18	

The results are good ; but considering that no one had practiced since the sports day, the victory may be called a true feat.

—by Geo. Kikuchi '30.



H OKA - '30

## How Not To Become An Office Boy

John S. Boyd '19

**N**ATURALLY the first steps one takes to become an office boy is to nail the job. That is to say, you get someone to draft out a letter for you, write it out in your best handwriting (as distinguished, where possible, from your worst) suggesting that you would be pleased to see the manager at 10 a.m. prompt next day. Obviously you don't expect a reply (in the first place because you are sure he cannot read your handwriting, in the second place because you know he doesn't want to see you, and in the third place because there isn't time for a reply).

Some members of the Office Boys' Union are strictly against washing, but there is a large and growing school of thought which inclines towards that commendable practice. So you wash away yesterday's ink stains (if possible) and the morning's egg marks (partially) and at 10.15 set out. No one would ever dream of arriving promptly; it gives the impression that one is anxious to secure the job, so at 10:35 you let the manager know you are prepared to see him.

Now the first and essential point in an interview is to get the first word in, and keep it there (consult any standard work on Salesmanship). You therefore begin by suggesting what a fine day it would be if the rain kept off. Rapidly proceeding, you enquire if the work is light and suitable for a delicately nurtured boy, and assuming his answer to be in order proceed to the question of wages, or rather "remuneration," as you should put it. Don't bother to wait for a reply—that would be fatal. Proceed to the next important question: holidays—but don't ask for too much—say two or three weeks in summer, and every third Saturday morning off, and of course you should secure recognition of the fact that aunts' funerals always fall on Sports days.

All this having been settled, you then allow the manager to have a word, if he wants (or can). If he can't, you needn't listen; managers are never meant to be taken seriously. Then you pick up your hat, and when wishing him good morning mention that you may be expected to start a week next Monday at 10:5 prompt. Be careful not to shut the door after you—it simply isn't done in the better office-boy circles.



### WRONG AGAIN!

The teacher was giving his class a lesson on the different forest trees, and to make sure they understood, was asking them questions. "Now, then," he said, "who can tell me which pine has the longest and sharpest needles?"

Up went the hand of a little chap at the back of the room.

"Very well, Billy," said the teacher, "You tell the class which pine it is."

"The porcupine," answered Billy, and wondered why the class laughed.

### DRY WORK.

Friend: "If you spend so much time at football you won't have anything laid aside for a rainy day."

Football Friend: "Won't I? My desk is loaded up with work that I've put aside for a rainy day."

### PIGGISH.

The colored lady's husband was in prison and she was appealing to the Governor of the State for his release.

"What was he convicted for?" asked the Governor.

"Stealing a ham, sir."

"Humph—how does he treat you? Is he kind to you?"

"Lordy, no, sah; he's a frightful worthless nigger."

"Why do you want him pardoned, then?"

"Cos, yo'honah, we've run out of ham again."

### NOT IN GOOD TASTE.

Mistress: "Mary, another knife please; this one is not clean."

Mary: "Not clean, mum! I'm sure it ought to be. The last thing it cut was soap."

### TIT FOR TAT.

Tom: "I've had to ask you five times for that money you owe me."

John: "What if you did? I had to ask you eight times before you'd lend it to me!"

### THE GENIUS.

Proud Mother: "Yes, our youngest son has a beautiful voice, and we have had him taught the flute so that he can accompany himself."

### TOO SMART.

"There is one word in the English language which is always pronounced wrong."

"What word is that?"

"Wrong, of course."

### REVENGE.

"Did Mrs. Borleigh tell you how much she suffered with her operation?"

"Yes, but I got even with her. I told her about the time I rode in the rumble seat."

### LET DAD DO IT.

"So you don't believe there's any truth in those jokes about the rest of the family never letting father have the car?"

"Nope. Mine never object to me having it when it needs to be washed or have a tire changed."

### CONDITIONAL.

Visitor: "That's the village doctor, isn't it?"

Native: "Yes."

Visitor: "Is he a good doctor?"

Native: "Oh, he's all right, if you've got a strong constitution!"

### PARTNERS.

Two friends met one evening on the way home and began to discuss business.

"I heard that you'd kind of amalgamated with old Marples at your game," said one.

"Well, you're half right," agreed his friend. "We are in partnership all right, but we don't sell the same kind of thing."

This puzzled the other man. "What exactly do you mean?" he said.

"Well, you see. Marples goes about selling a stove polish that leaves a stain on our fingers, and two days later I call with the only soap that'll get it off."

—by M. S. Ganin '30.

# FORWARD

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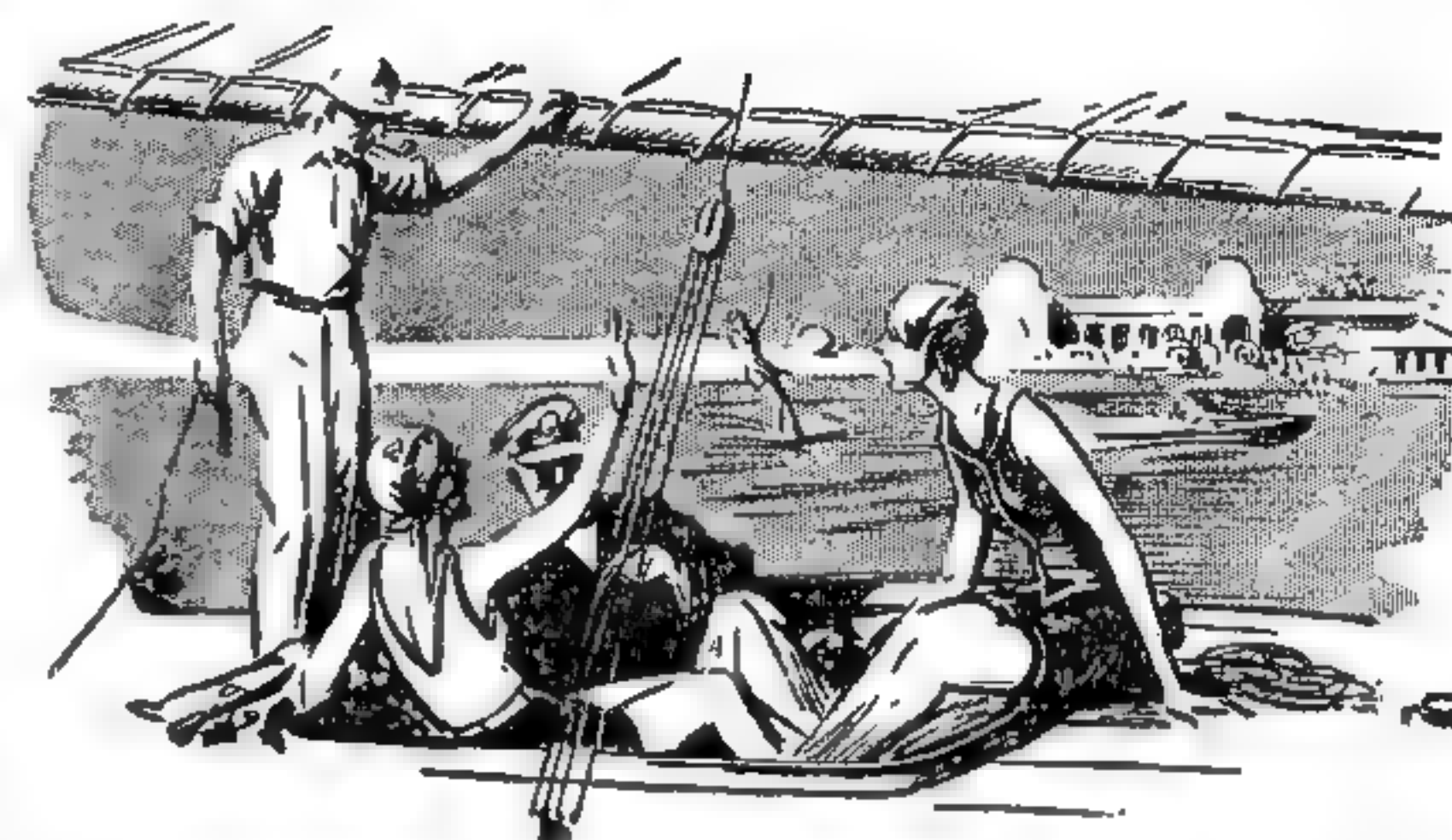
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*Business Manager.*





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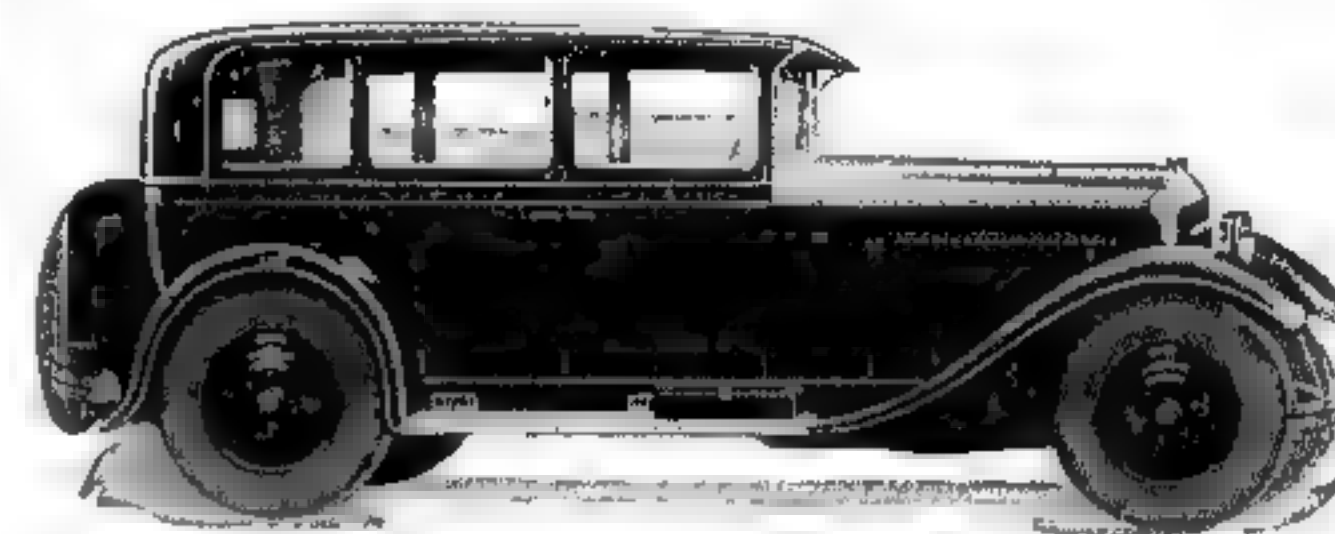
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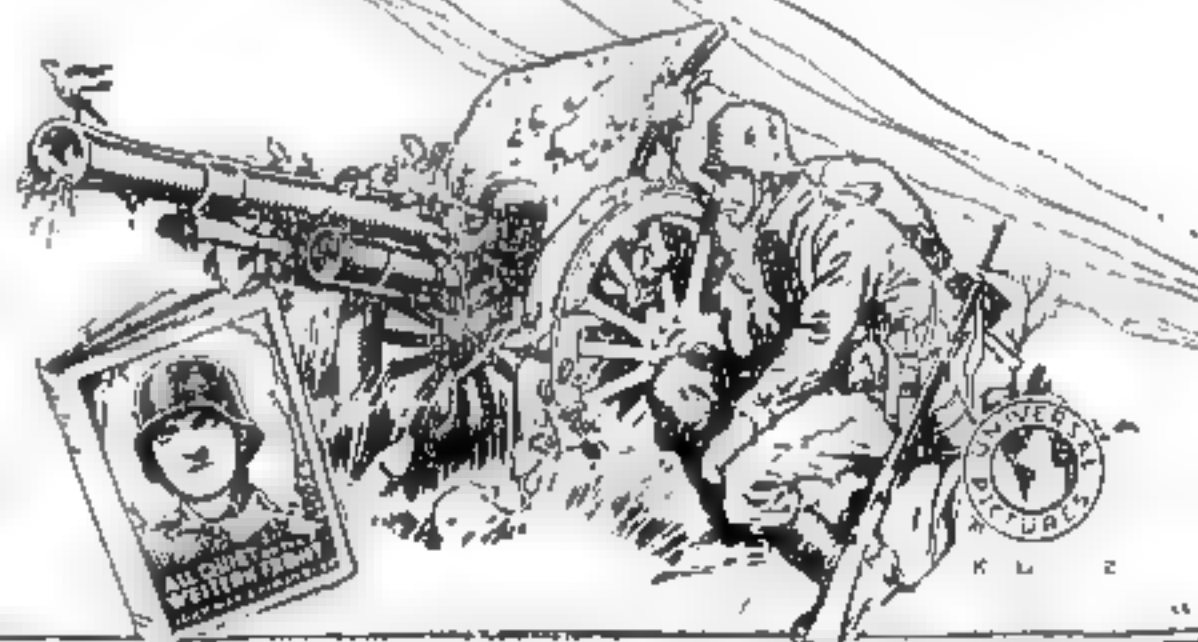
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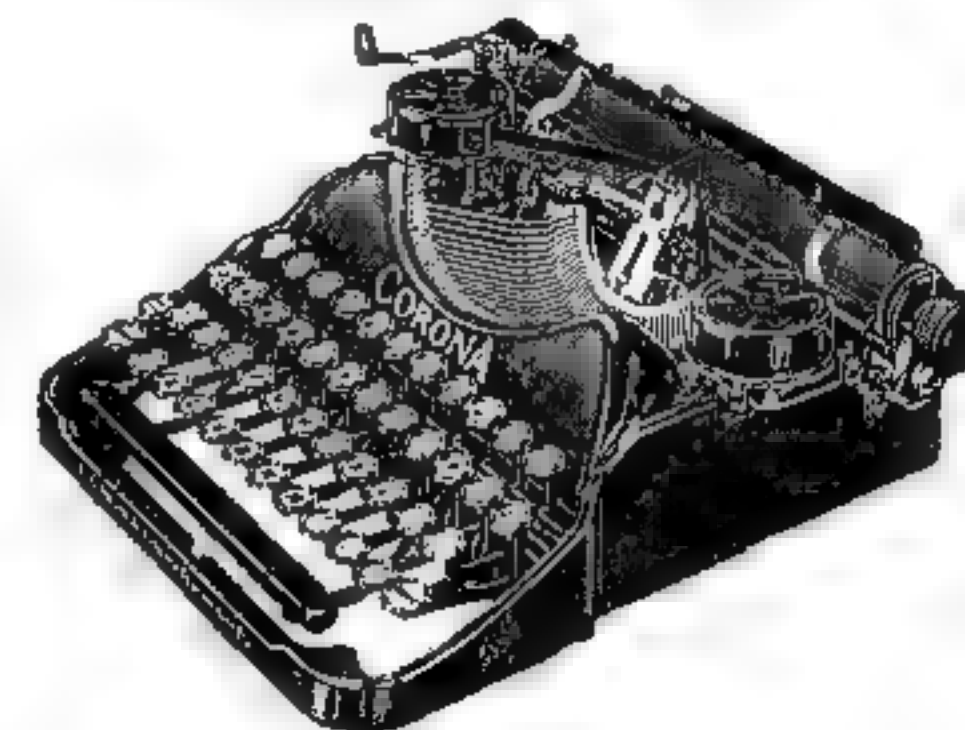
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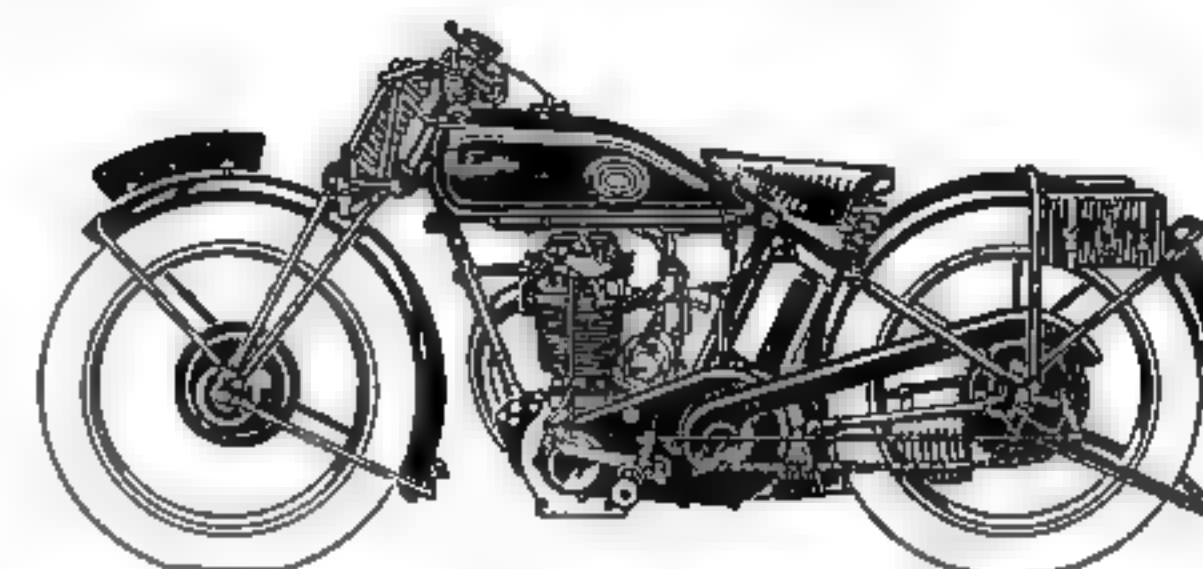
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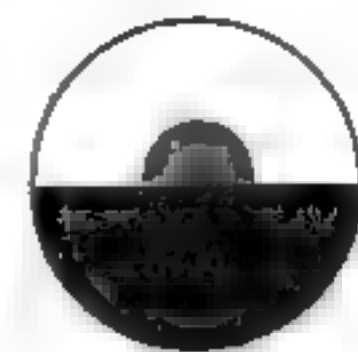
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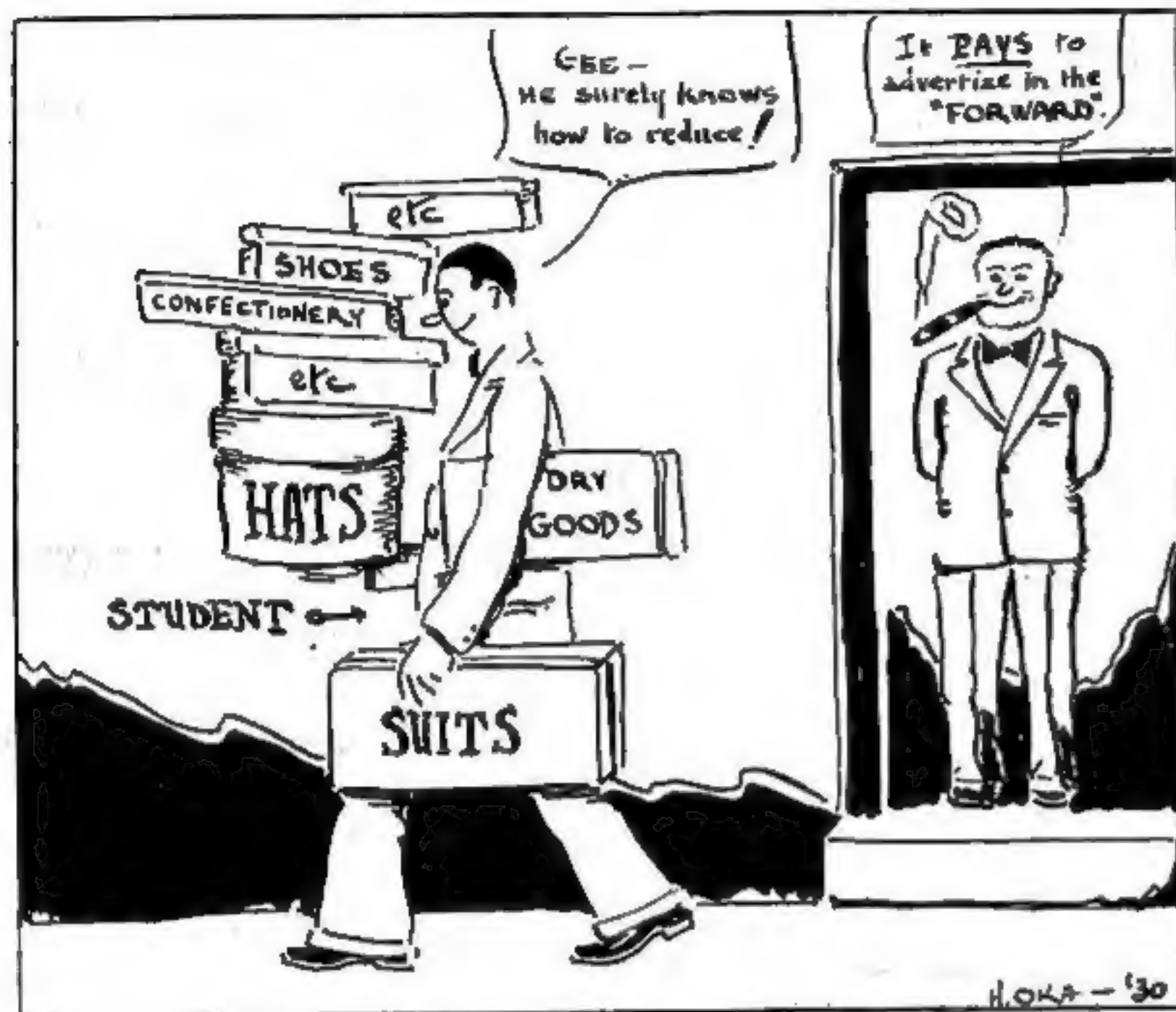
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We, therefore would like to ask our readers to scan the foregoing pages of this book carefully, and favor us by patronizing ***Our Advertisers.***

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